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**POEMS**  
AND  
*MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.*

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CHAPTER I

The first part of the book is devoted to a general introduction to the subject. It discusses the importance of the study and the scope of the work. The author then proceeds to a detailed examination of the various aspects of the problem, including a discussion of the methods used and the results obtained. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is suitable for both students and researchers in the field.

# POEMS

AND

## Miscellaneous Essays.

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BY

HENRIETTA RHODES.

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BRENTFORD :

PRINTED BY P. NORBURY.

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***POEMS.***

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1876

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## SIR EDRIC.

### *A LEGENDARY TALE.*

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WHILE o'er the plain a lengthen'd shade  
Proclaim'd the close of day,  
And through the glen, but faintly stole  
Eve's soft, and dusky ray;

A warrior, worn with care and thought,  
In pensive sorrow came ;  
Whose graceful form, and deeds of worth  
No strangers were to fame.

For he, amid the warlike band  
Unequal valour show'd—  
The love of science fill'd his mind—  
His breast with virtue glow'd.

But now that war had ceas'd, and peace  
Was lur'd to Mercia's plain ;  
Each chief the well-known path pursu'd,  
His long lost home to gain.

Not so Sir Edric—other cares,  
His gentle mind opprest ;  
For Friendship's parting breath had urg'd,  
A sad—a fond request.

And deep he mourn'd the fatal cause,  
 Deep felt the sacred trust;  
 And 'till this duty was perform'd,  
 Believ'd himself unjust.

For this, through many a desert wild,  
 He many a day had sped,  
 Well mounted on his favourite steed  
 Who safe through dangers led.

But now the aid of balmy rest  
 His wearied limbs require;  
 And much to find some hamlet shed  
 His longing eyes desire!

“ Does fancy give ideal forms  
 “ To those dark clouds of grey ?  
 “ Or does a castle, to my sight,  
 “ Its tow'ring height display ?”

He urg'd his steed, and through the gloom  
 Saw battlements arise ;  
 “ Welcome, ye lofty towers, which blend  
 “ Your outline with the skies !”

A draw-bridge, fast secur'd within,  
 Forbade the unlicens'd guest ;  
 And the stupendous walls, a rude  
 Magnificence exprest.

Sir Edric paus'd awhile, that he  
 The Castle might survey ;  
 And whilst he view'd the gloomy pile,  
 His heart felt sad dismay ;

For not one chearing ray of light,  
His strained eye-balls found;  
Nor yet was his attentive ear,  
Struck with the smallest sound!

At length the pillar caught his eye,  
To which a horn was hung ;  
And quick he blew so shrill a blast,  
As through the castle rung.

From whence reverberating slow,  
Through eve's unruffled gale,  
Oft, but more faint, it reach'd the ear,  
Then died along the vale.

And soon advancing steps are heard;—  
And soon a knight appears,  
Who with uncourteous voice demands  
Why he such summons hears.

“ A warrior faint with toil, presumes  
“ This night for rest to sue,  
“ For darkness spreads apace, and hides  
“ The path he had in view.”

“ Not unto me,” the knight replied,  
“ Belong these vast domains;  
“ These towers my friend Earl Ruthin won,  
“ And bravely still maintains ;

“ But if thou com'st not with design,  
“ Nor prov'st thyself a foe ;  
“ Safety and rest thou may'st enjoy,  
“ For these I can bestow.”

The draw-bridge past, Sir Edric's thanks,  
A sullen welcome found,  
And as they pass'd the spacious courts,  
Which buildings vast surround,

Deep hollow echoes strnck his ear:—  
’Twas but his own firm tread—  
Yet never had his dauntless soul,  
Before felt equal dread!

The portal gain'd, they long pursued,  
An arched passage way,  
Where from the walls, some straggling lamps  
Diffus'd a glimmering ray.

A large apartment next they gain'd—  
“ Here,” his conductor cried,  
“ Thou may'st repose, and soon with food  
“ Thou shalt be well supply'd.”

Cold, damp, and dreary was the place!  
No hearth its blaze supplied!  
A single light serv'd to disclose  
A prison vast and wide.

Am I to be confin'd, thought he!  
Then treachery lurketh here;  
For never yet in noble minds  
Dwelt such suspicious fear.

Could he the passage find, he hop'd  
His steed might be regain'd;  
He tried the door, and joy'd to see,  
The bolts undrawn remain'd.



With cautious steps he sought his way,  
For dim the tapers shone;  
'Till distant accents caught his ear,  
Which spoke distressful moan!

At which all thoughts of flight gave way;  
For yet his generous heart,  
Had never heard the woe, in which  
It did not share a part.

In mute attention fix'd he stood,  
Impatient to discern  
From whence the sound arose; resolv'd,  
That way his steps to turn.

At length a piercing shriek he heard—  
Then all was sudden hush'd—  
To learn no more Sir Edric stay'd,  
But on impetuous rush'd.

And soon he reach'd th'adjacent tower,  
From whence the accents broke;  
And soon he mark'd the room, in which  
A voice, inhuman, spoke.

“ These female arts avail thee not,  
“ For fix'd is my design;  
“ Too long entreaty has been us'd,  
“ And force shall make thee mine.”

“ Release thy victim, miscreant knight,”  
Sir Edric, entering, cried,  
“ Or else the force you would employ,  
“ With me must first be tried.”

“ If to thy breast, Nature’s best gift,  
 “ MERCY, has been deny’d;  
 “ Why do’st thou wear a badge, that says,  
 “ ‘ True honour is thy guide?’

“ Thou know’st that little word contains  
 “ All that is dear to fame!  
 “ Then let me be thy friend, and save  
 “ Thee from a deed of shame.”

Surprize and rage o’erpower’d the Earl,  
 His words no passage found;  
 And looking death, the fainting fair,  
 Had sunk upon the ground.

Sir Edric flew to her relief,  
 With accents soft and kind;  
 And as he rais’d her, strove to chase  
 The terror from her mind.

The furious Earl at length found words—  
 Rage flashing from his eyes!—  
 And loudly call’d for arms, that he  
 The intruder might chastise.

Osrie, subservient to his will,  
 Heard not his voice in vain;  
 And on his ready steps attend,  
 A servile looking train,

Who fiercely rais’d their falchions high,  
 Sir Edric to assail;—  
 And what against such numerous foes,  
 Could single might avail?—

O'erpower'd, he fell; his arms are seiz'd,  
Himself in fetters ty'd;  
But his unconquer'd soul, with scorn  
The tyrant still defied.

“ ’Twas I, the stranger introduc'd;”  
Said Osric to his friend;

“ On me alone, his punishment  
“ Most justly should depend

“ ’Twou'd stain thy name and rank, shou'd'st thou  
“ With him the combat dare;

“ And vict'ry oft attends that arm,  
“ Made furious by despair.

“ Should he repass thy walls, and tell  
“ What he has witness'd here,

“ From such a tale, too well we know  
“ How much we have to fear.

“ Revenge, and safety both require  
“ That death should be his doom;

“ Then let him in the dungeon find  
“ Unheard, a living tomb.”

“ Thou counsel'st well,” the Earl replied,  
“ Such vengeance is my due;

“ Nor to the miscreant's pray'rs will I  
“ Favour or mercy shew.”

“ No miscreant sues thy favour, Earl,”  
Sir Edric proudly cried;

“ A knight I am, and oft have fought  
“ By our lov'd monarch's side.

- “ Amid the woods, which skirt thy walls,  
“ Darkness my steps betray’d;  
“ And, stranger to the path I sought,  
“ I lost it in the shade.
- “ Thy turrets gave me hope their chief  
“ Possess’d a noble mind;  
“ And that the rest my toils requir’d,  
“ In safety I might find.
- “ I crav’d admittance, and ’twas given,  
“ With prompt, and kind accord;  
“ And as unknown to me, were both  
“ The castle and its lord,
- “ How could I treachery mean, or how  
“ Commit a base design?  
“ With but a single arm t’oppose  
“ To numerous hosts like thine.
- “ ’Tis true, the cries I heard, awoke  
“ Compassion in my breast;  
“ Such as each loyal knight is sworn  
“ To yield to the distrest.
- “ Nor will thy cooler thoughts condemn  
“ My interposing hand;  
“ For oft we joy, that passion broke  
“ Not, Virtue’s stern command.
- “ Then let me hence depart, for I  
“ Important tidings bear,  
“ To noble Randolph’s castle, meant  
“ To meet his daughter’s ear.”

Starting, the Earl with added rage  
Gave orders to his train,  
Who drag Sir Edric on so fierce,  
He finds resistance vain.

They reach a solitary tower,  
And, horrid to behold!  
A pond'rous door the pavement shows,  
Which massive bars unfold!

Within this dreadful living tomb  
To every ill expos'd,  
They forc'd the knight, and then the door  
For ever on him clos'd!

Oh ye! who share the splendid joys,  
Which Fortune's gifts bestow,  
And led by Hope's seducive smiles,  
With future transports glow,

O say, could the exulting heart  
Find refuge from despair,  
If one short hour revers'd the scene,  
And planted mis'ry there?

Such were Sir Edric's brighter days—  
Such now his wretched state;  
Famine approach'd, and ling'ring death,  
His fix'd and certain fate.

Darkness so hideous, so profound,  
Dwelt in this loathsome place,  
The hardiest courage was requir'd,  
Its boundaries to trace,

With such firm courage mov'd the knight—  
His steps obstructed were,  
By mould'ring bones; for many a wretch  
Had surely perish'd there !

Reflection now fresh horrors shed,  
O'er the terrific gloom ;—  
He wept their fate, and sunk appall'd,  
Beneath his own sad doom.

His chilled blood so slowly crept,  
His pulse so feebly beat ;  
That life seem'd from his woe-struck heart  
Just ready to retreat.

Faintly imprinted on his mind,  
The past adventures stand,  
Like an imperfect hasty sketch,  
Drawn by a trembling hand.

Almost unconscious, long he lay,  
E'er thought return'd again;  
Alas! by what was thought arous'd,  
But the keen sense of pain !

“ And must the hopes of youth,” he cried, ‘  
“ Untimely fall away?—

“ And its best praise, a well-earn'd name,  
“ So early know decay?

“ Must a fell tyrant's harsh decree

“ Destroy my bright career?

“ Shall my unhappy fate excite

“ No sympathizing tear?

- “ *Ignoble* death, alone I fear;  
 “ Yet had I first achiev’d,  
 “ What to my youth’s best friend I owe,  
 “ At death I had not griev’d.  
  
 “ Yet how, my Randolph, shall I greet  
 “ You, in the realms above,  
 “ The duty, undischarg’d, I owe  
 “ To your paternal love?  
  
 “ And thou, most beauteous maid, whose grief  
 “ Has touch’d my very soul;  
 “ Wilt thou a hopeless victim live,  
 “ To this stern Earl’s controul?  
  
 “ No!—Innocence will surely meet  
 “ From Heaven a sweet regard!  
 “ And guilt, which virtue would destroy,  
 “ Receive its just reward!”

New vigour from this confidence  
 Seem’d to his bosom giv’n;  
 For hope descends, when pious faith  
 Reposes trust in Heaven.

With renovated strength he rais’d  
 His body from the ground;  
 And with deliberative step,  
 Examin’d well around.

Alas! his utmost search was vain,  
 He no discovery made;  
 And stumbling o’er a heap of stones  
 Again was prostrate laid.

What rapture darted through his frame!—  
He found the prison wall  
An ample ruin, which had left  
A passage by its fall;

O'er which with eager haste he crept,  
And found he had attain'd  
A second vault, where the same gloom  
Impenetrable reign'd!

Here steep and rough-hewn stairs he found,  
Of dangerous ascent;  
But hope irradiate led his steps,  
And on he fearless went.

He travers'd still a gloomy length,  
Where solemn stillness dwelt;  
And with his arms extended wide,  
The dubious passage felt.

At last a trembling ray of light  
He spy'd across the floor,  
And soon he found it made its way  
From an adjoining door.

With noiseless steps, and breathless haste  
He to the opening flew,  
Which gave the lovely captive maid  
To his delighted view.

Oh! hast thou in a summer's eve,  
When clouds the heavens deform;  
In misty sweeps along the vale,  
Beheld the furious storm?



Then hast thou mark'd the lily, white,  
Beat by the falling rain,  
'Till quite surcharg'd, its fragrant head,  
Hung drooping o'er the plain?

So look'd the sad, and weeping fair,  
For sorrow bow'd her head;  
And from her pale-grown lips and cheek  
The rosy hue had fled!

With voice more soft than ever sprung  
From sympathizing breast,  
The knight the silence broke, and thus  
The captive he address'd.

“ Ah! let not sorrow, lovely maid,  
“ With thee a dwelling find :  
“ For Heaven to such an angel's form  
“ An angel's peace assign'd !

“ Behold me here to guard, to save,  
“ To serve, and set thee free!  
“ For surely Heaven my life preserv'd,  
“ To give thee liberty !”

He ceas'd—his words thrill'd through her heart,  
She rose, by hope impell'd;  
With trembling steps approach'd the door,  
With doubting eyes beheld

The graceful youth, whose dreadful fate,  
With anguish deep had torn  
Her wounded heart; and in her thoughts  
The largest share had borne.

Her passive hand he gently seiz'd,  
His purpose told again ;  
And urg'd success, till in her breast,  
Scarce any doubts remain.

And now to learn the fatal cause,  
Which held her captive there,  
Sir Edric asks; and to the tale,  
Listens with anxious care.

“ Not far from hence a castle stands,  
“ Whose tow'rs to fame are known,  
“ From val'rous acts, and bounteous deeds  
“ By each possessor shown.

“ Within its walls I first drew breath,  
“ But knew no mother's care ;  
“ For Heaven recall'd her, e'er my lips  
“ Could beg of Heaven to spare.

“ A father's love supplied the loss,  
“ My early age sustain'd ;  
“ To whom I solely now, the pledge  
“ Of former joys remain'd.

“ Each gen'rous sentiment was his;  
“ And from my earliest youth,  
“ He taught my ductile mind, the love  
“ Of virtue, and of truth.

“ With winged pleasures years flew on;  
“ For through our happy dome,  
“ Cheerfulness reign'd ; and mild content,  
“ Had mark'd it for her home.

- “ Thus like a summer’s roseate morn,  
“ Life’s early dawn had fled;  
“ When blackening clouds arose, and burst  
“ With fury o’er my head!
- “ An ancient Baron rul’d these lands,  
“ To whom Earl Ruthin came;  
“ And by a forged ancestry,  
“ Asserted prior claim.
- “ The contest soon by arms was tried!  
“ Ah me! I rue the day  
“ Which saw the Baron fall, and gave  
“ The Earl an uncheck’d sway.
- “ He sought my father’s social hall;  
“ And I unhappy prove,  
“ The object his impetuous soul,  
“ Was doom’d to see and love!—
- “ Presuming that his high descent,  
“ And riches must prevail;  
“ With all the confidence of power,  
“ He told the hated tale.
- “ To banish such delusive hopes,  
“ Employ’d my earnest care;  
“ And when re-urg’d, the haughty Earl  
“ Has heard me oft declare,
- “ No time my firm resolve could change;  
“ Or perseverance move  
“ Ought else but pity, for the pangs  
“ Of unrequited love.

- “ Now the terrific din of war  
“ Disturb'd our peaceful plain ;  
“ And rumour said, the exulting foe  
“ Triumph'd o'er thousands slain.
- “ To save the Royal Ethelred,  
“ My warlike father flew ;—  
“ How could my breaking heart sustain  
“ The sad, the last adieu?
- “ Two tedious Summer suns have past ;  
“ And twice stern Winter's wind,  
“ Has spread around a gloomy waste,  
“ Fit emblem of my mind,
- “ Since I my loyal sire have seen ;  
“ But gladsome news of peace,  
“ Flatter'd my throbbing heart, I soon  
“ Should meet his fond embrace.
- “ Alas! such bliss, by cruel fate,  
“ I was not doom'd to prove ;  
“ For now the Earl, in bolder terms,  
“ Renew'd his suit of love.
- “ Depriv'd of him who could protect,  
“ He form'd the base design,  
“ To seize the hand I oft had vow'd  
“ I never would resign.
- “ Osric, a wretch, he calls his friend,  
“ But whose dishonest mind  
“ Bends pliant to his wicked schemes,  
“ And acts the part assign'd ;

- “ With wily caution mark’d my steps,  
 “ And as I lonely stray’d,  
 “ The destin’d fainting victim seiz’d,  
 “ And to these walls convey’d.  
  
 “ This gloomy prison bars the means  
 “ Which might my griefs disclose,  
 “ Nor has the noble Randolph learnt,  
 “ His poor Matilda’s woes.”  
  
 “ Randolph!” exclaim’d the list’ning knight,  
 “ Say, did you Randolph name?  
 “ That dear, that honour’d friend, who led  
 “ My youthful steps to fame !”

Then down his blooming, manly cheek  
 The tear of pity stole;  
 And silence, most expressive, told  
 The anguish of his soul.

For he alas! within his breast  
 A fatal secret bore!—  
 Matilda’s gentle heart must learn  
 Her father is no more!

Low kneeling at her feet, he said,  
 In Sorrow’s melting tone—  
 “ Behold, much lov’d, and lovely maid,  
 “ Long sought, tho’ lately known;  
  
 “ Behold the man, whom Randolph chose  
 “ His ev’ry thought to share;  
 “ For whom his gen’rous bosom felt  
 “ E’en more than father’s care!

- “ And oh! with filial love for him  
“ I glow’d, to such excess,  
“ As those who feel, alone can know,  
“ Who know, cannot express!
- “ Twice from th’impending stroke of death,  
“ Amidst th’embattled strife,  
“ Where youthful ardour rashly led,  
“ His hand preserv’d my life.
- “ With Virtue’s charms to store my mind,  
“ He Wisdom’s preepts drew;—  
“ I listen’d to the truths he taught,—  
“ From precept, habit grew.
- “ Yet still across the moral theme  
“ Your lov’d idea came;  
“ And with delight he fondly trac’d  
“ Your beauty, and your fame.
- “ Oft o’er the sweetly flowing praise,  
“ My ear entranc’d has hung;  
“ While rapture’s murm’ring accents rose,  
“ And falter’d on my tongue!
- “ Nor did he check the aspiring flame,  
“ But on my wishes smil’d;  
“ And pray’d that Heaven, as its best gift  
“ Might bless me with his child.
- “ Ah! painful task—can I pronounce  
“ So dire a tale of woe?—  
“ Greatly he fell, for whom these tears  
“ Will never cease to flow!—

“ And whilst with wild despair, my arm  
 “ Sustain’d his drooping head;  
 “ Ere from his pale and quiv’ring lip  
 “ The parting spirit fled—

“ Edric,” said he, “ my last form’d wish  
 “ And earthly hope depend  
 “ On thee; and well I know that thou  
 “ Wilt not deceive thy friend.

“ Oh haste, my lov’d Matilda seek,  
 “ Bid her and sorrow part—  
 “ And soon may ev’ry tender tye  
 “ Unite thee to her heart!

“ Tell her a father’s fondest cares  
 “ Thou wilt thyself comprise—  
 “ Oh! bless her, gracious Heav’n,” he cry’d,  
 “ Then sunk—no more to rise!”—

Sir Edric paus’d—the fainting maid  
 His firm support demands;  
 For lifeless was her beauteous form,  
 And icy cold her hands.

And little less than her he felt,  
 Distracted by his fears;—  
 ’Till in her op’ning eyes he saw  
 Relief, from falling tears.

Never before did silent grief  
 Such eloquence disclose;  
 It told what words can never paint—  
 A daughter’s sacred woes!

Sir Edric dared not attempt  
Her sorrow to console ;  
Yet oft he gave a sigh, which prov'd,  
How much it touch'd his soul!

His fond expressive looks recall'd  
The gentle weeping maid,  
To what she ow'd herself and him,  
And faintly she essay'd,

To pay those thanks, which on her heart  
So deeply were impress'd ;  
And in her lovely azure eyes,  
So sweetly stood confess'd.

But danger, and th'approach of morn  
Alike forbade delay ;  
And much Sir Edric urg'd their flight  
Before the coming day.

Alas! with terror she relates,  
That every gate is clos'd,  
And every key plac'd in the room,  
Where Ruthin's Earl repos'd.

“ A moment then must not be lost,”  
The Knight impatient said ;  
“ Shew me that room, fair maid;” and on  
With trembling steps she led.

The door a ready entrance gave,  
And in deep sleep fast bound,  
Under a canopy of state,  
Whose curtains swept the ground,



The Earl lay stretch'd, conceal'd from view,  
His arms were scatter'd near;  
And on an ebon table plac'd,  
The massive keys appear.

This prize first seiz'd, Sir Edric next  
His glittering sword secur'd;  
And quick retreating, felt his heart  
Of safety well assur'd.

But ah! how oft to ecstasy  
Succeeds the pang of woe!  
Alternate hope, and fear, is all  
That man is doom'd to know!

The taper, which he partly hid,  
Struck by the closing door,  
Fell with such force, that with loud noise  
It broke upon the floor.

In darkness left, his former steps  
He try'd to trace again,  
But wander'd wide, and with despair,  
Found every effort vain.

Osric, mean time, rous'd by the noise,  
Had risen in wild affright;  
And having arm'd with quickest speed,  
And trimm'd his dying light,

Rush'd forth to learn if treachery  
Had caus'd such dire alarms;  
And saw Matilda borne along,  
Within a stranger's arms;

For such he deem'd the manly form,  
Which dimly he descri'd;  
And darting forward, plung'd with force  
A dagger in his side.

Matilda's agonizing shriek  
Told her deliverer slain;  
While pouring in with eager haste  
Appear'd Earl Ruthin's train.

Aghast with terror, they survey'd  
The body on the ground;  
For struggling with life's latest pang,  
Their own liege lord they found.

In mute and sad attention fix'd,  
The image of despair,  
The murderer stood;—of what he'd done,  
Full fatally aware.

“ This hand, my friends,” he frantic cry'd,  
“ This hand hath done the deed;  
“ And by my rash, my desperate stroke,  
“ You see Earl Ruthin bleed.

“ A dire mistake impell'd my arm,  
“ Not any private strife;  
“ For I would gladly yield my own,  
“ To save Earl Ruthin's life.”

They hear him not;—furious with rage  
And hatred long endur'd,  
They seize his arms, and then consult  
Where he may be secur'd.

Once more did renovatèd hope  
Dispel Matilda's fear;  
When her deliverer, mourn'd as slain,  
She saw in safety near.

Long in the gallery's mazy space,  
Sir Edric, erring stray'd,  
'Till distant sounds, and moving lights,  
Prov'd that he was betray'd.

Guided by these, he soon perceiv'd  
The haughty Earl laid low;  
And bound in cords, foaming with rage,  
His late inhuman foe.

He sprung to fair Matilda's side  
With looks of fond delight,  
Whilst each spectator's eye bespoke  
Amazement at the sight.

"Vassals!" he cry'd, "your murder'd lord,  
"Has fall'n by Osric's hand;  
"And justice, in my monarch's name,  
"I solemnly demand.

"No stranger am I—and my rights,  
"To you will soon be shown;  
"For to the royal Ethelred,  
"My birth and claims are known.

"The Baron's sister, Lady Maud,  
"Quitted her native shore,  
"With her lov'd lord, destin'd alas!  
"To visit it no more.

- “ An infant orphan long I dwelt,  
“ Unknown, in foreign lands;  
“ But, train'd to arms, I glory sought,  
“ Amidst my country's bands.
- “ Meantime the Baron mourn'd, as lost,  
“ His next, and only heir;  
“ And worn alike with age and grief,  
“ Gave way to deep despair.
- “ Presuming that his wretched state  
“ Would make resistance vain;  
“ As next of kin, Earl Ruthin strove  
“ To seize his rich domain.
- “ But rous'd by outrage bold as this,  
“ The good old Baron rose,  
“ And call'd his faithful vassals round  
“ Th'invader to oppose.
- “ By treacherous arts the place was won,  
“ And the poor Baron slain;  
“ And thus usurp'd, have been those rights,  
“ Which I shall soon regain.
- “ Sir Randolph,”—and a sigh he check'd,  
“ Trac'd out my birth, and name;  
“ And on his proofs, our gracious king  
“ Has ratify'd my claim.
- “ I knew not, when but yester night,  
“ This castle first I view'd,  
“ That at my own paternal seat,  
“ I for admission sued.

“ And sure to keep my birth conceal’d,  
“ Heaven kindly interpos’d;  
“ For instant would have been my death,  
“ Had I my name disclos’d.

“ My friends, I ask free passport hence,  
“ And that you guard with care,  
“ The pris’ner’s person, ’till the laws  
“ His punishments declare!”

A murmur ran throughout the throng,  
Which one accord bespoke;  
And soon a welcome to the heir,  
In joyful plaudits broke!

’Tis thus that righteous Heaven bestows  
On innocence its care:  
And thus oppression—guilt, and fraud,  
Its certain vengeance share.

From but one source can mortal bliss  
In perfect transport flow;—  
Virtue and goodness can alone,  
True happiness bestow.

---

## ODE

## TO THE NAIADE OF BATH.

SENT TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT,  
DURING HIS LAST VISIT TO BATH,  
IN THE YEAR 1806.

OH, goddess of the vale!  
Who, round this favour'd spring,  
Steep'd in the balmy gale,  
Thy roseate wreath doth fling!

Lov'st thou, among the varied train, who seek  
Thy fountain, to renew the paly cheek  
With the warm glow of health;—  
Lov'st thou the ardent, elevated mind,  
By Heaven for earthly good design'd;  
Yet doom'd by frail mortality to share  
The pangs of sickness: oh! prepare, prepare  
The renovating draught! *He* comes by stealth\*.

(For so uneonscious worth is ever seen)  
With thoughts uplifted, but retiring mien,  
And suppliant to thee bends,  
On whom a nation's hope, a nation's weal depends.

\* Mr. Pitt varied his hours of drinking the waters in the Pump-Room, in order to escape the crowd he used to attract.

Oh goddess! if by more than chemic art,  
Thou can'st sublime, within thy chaliced shell  
The choicest virtues of this hallow'd well,  
To *him* the precious gift impart!

So may thy healing waters ever flow!  
So may they ever soften human woe!  
And future ages throng to hail  
Thee, bounteous goddess of the vale!

---

IMITATION OF THE SONG,

“ *O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?*”

WRITTEN BY THE BISHOP OF DROMORE.

---

OH! Nanny, wilt thou go with me,  
Nor sigh to leave thy sweet retreat;  
Can foreign climes have charms for thee,  
Where Discord still maintains her seat?  
Say, canst thou quit such joys serene,  
The toils of savage war to share;  
Nor yet regret the peaceful scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,  
What fears will wound thy gentle mind!  
When swelling waves disturb the sea,  
And furious blows the adverse wind—  
When vivid lightnings flash amain,  
And thunder loudly rends the air,  
Wilt thou not sigh those scenes to gain,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true,  
Through marches long with me to go;  
While scanty fare we both may rue,  
And feel the pangs of many a woe?  
Wilt thou, intrepid, bear them all,  
And think me only worth thy care—  
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when th'embattled plain,  
Thy swain from these dear arms shall call—  
Should he be mingled with the slain,  
And nobly in the contest fall;  
Wilt thou with laurel deck his brows,  
And on him drop the tender tear—  
And live as faithful to his vows,  
As thou wilt fairest of the fair?



## ANSWER

TO THE FOREGOING BALLAD.

---

YES, Henry, yes! this faithful heart,  
Can every arduous trial prove;—  
From friends and native shores can part,  
Her great security—thy love!  
For oh! each scene, when thou'rt away  
Assumes an aspect dull and drear;  
Fled are those hours which shone so gay,  
When thou with happiness wert here!

No terrors will my fancy wake,  
Though lightnings flash, and thunders roll!  
No elemental discord shake,  
Th'intrepid purpose of my soul!  
For thee alone, in such dread hours,  
I'd breathe the humble, fervent pray'r;  
And grateful thank the heav'nly powers,  
For happiness, wert thou their care.

With thee how light the sense of toil,  
The tedious march, or short repast!  
To future joys they'll prove a foil,  
When retrospection views them past.  
Far from my mind I'll bravely chase  
The ills my timid sex would fear,  
Since nought could rob my soul of peace,  
Or happiness, whilst thou wert near.

And should—(but Heaven avert the deed)  
Should Henry in the virtuous cause  
Of glory, and his country, bleed,  
Let grateful Britons pay applause.  
For that sad hour in which we part,  
Will prove I liv'd for thee alone,  
For Death must rend this faithful heart,  
When thou, with happiness art gone!

---

*WRITTEN TO A FRIEND,*

FROM SOUTH HAY COTTAGE, NEAR BATH, DURING  
THE DREADFUL STORMS OF THE 14TH AND  
15TH OF JANUARY, 1806.

---

OH! where shall I fly from the storm's sullen roar?  
Destruction sure waits on its wild raging blast!  
Dark, dark are the clouds, and the torrents they  
pour,  
Seem to threaten the earth, with a deluge that's  
vast.  
The lightning's dread glare, shoots athwart thro'  
the sky,  
And I shrink from such terrors—yet where can I fly?

Hark! hark!—'twas the wind as it rush'd down the  
steep,

Resistless it seem'd—and methought, tho' so low,  
This cottage had bent, at the menacing sweep,

For it shook, at the rage of the blast, to and fro!  
In fearful suspense of the danger that's nigh,  
I breathless remain,—for oh! where can I fly?

Now the fastenings are burst from the casements  
and door,

From the "pitiless storm" scarcely shelter is  
found;

For chilling the wind is, and damp is the floor,  
Where the rain beating in, spreads curl'd eddies  
around.

Be still, thou vast spirit, that troublest the sky;  
In pity be still—for I've no where to fly!

Cold fear shakes my soul,—'midst the hurricane's  
rage,

Which to a rude chaos all Nature deforms;

No soothing sound cheers me—no voice to assuage

My dread of the peril which lurks in the storms!

I gaze in despair! alas! no one is by

To hear my complaint—or to whom I can fly!

## BALLAD.

*This Ballad was occasioned by the following circumstance : a Lady, who was engaged to an Officer, serving on the Continent, being in company where a newspaper was read, which gave an account of a battle having taken place between the English and the French, in which numbers of the former had fallen, retired to her own apartment to conceal her emotion, where she was some time afterwards found dead upon the floor. It appeared that the Officer, to whom she was betrothed, had died of the wounds he had received about the same hour in which she had expired.*

RUDE blew the wind around the tower  
 Where Ellen sat alone;  
 And the long dreary midnight hour  
 Had pass'd in piteous moan:  
 When in a sudden glare of light,  
 Which shook her soul with fear—  
 And just revealed to her sight,  
 She saw her love appear.

“ Ah! shadowy form of my beloved!  
 “ Say what portends this view?  
 “ Art thou to happier realms remov'd,  
 “ And come to prove me true?  
 “ From thy sunk cheek the rose is fled,  
 “ And ghastly seems thine eye!  
 “ If thou art number'd with the dead,  
 “ Then shortly so shall I!”

“ Oh, dearest maid! to me no more  
“ To visit earth, 'tis given;  
“ But thou may'st still enjoy a store  
“ Of bliss, ere thou gain'st Heaven!  
“ To say I lov'd thee, e'en in death,  
“ My fleeting spirit came,  
“ And that my latest ling'ring breath  
“ Feebly pronounc'd thy name.”

“ Could then my Henry's faithful heart  
“ So lightly think of mine?  
“ Already Death performs his part,  
“ And I am wholly thine.  
“ Stay, take thy love to thy cold grave!  
“ She will not be deny'd!”—

She stretch'd her arms to grasp his shade,  
And then sunk down and died!



*EXTEMPORE.*

WRITTEN IN THE COTTAGE BOOK AT DUDMASTON.

Oh! ye, whose footsteps from the splendid dome,  
To this sequester'd spot may chance to roam;  
Who court these scenes, day's garish eye to shun,  
Yet Folly's restless course delight to run;  
See where Content has fix'd her humble seat,  
And learn this lesson in her calm retreat;  
That all the real joys which life bestows,  
The peaceful inmate of the cottage knows.  
Yet think not ye, who turn from mis'ry's tear  
That 'tis the name, which brings Contentment here.  
No: like the bounteous pair who bless this grove,  
Do thou the pangs of want and woe remove!  
So shall ye taste the true, the highest charm  
Which with delight the feeling breast can warm:  
So shall these smiling plains, and shady woods,  
These fragrant flow'rs, and undulating floods;  
Their sweetest influence o'er your mind impart,  
And Nature boast her triumph over Art.

## PARODY

ON

CAPTAIN MORRIS'S SONG,

" LONDON AND THE COUNTRY,"

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND;

*And as it would be injustice not to give a place to his Lines  
also, which abound with exquisite wit and humour, they  
will be found at the end of these Poems.*

In the Country I never know what to be at,  
Delighted with this, and enraptur'd with that;  
'Midst the beauties of Nature unwearied I roam,  
Or the charms of sweet converse, enjoy when at  
home.

But in London, good Lord! what a terrible bore,  
To be stunn'd all the day with the raps at your  
door!  
No view from your window, no sun at mid-day,  
Whilst for fog, or for smoke, you can scarce see  
your way.

In the Country, whilst show'rs the green verdure  
renew,  
We've amusements within, and we've beauties in  
view;  
And when the chill blast, sweeps with rage o'er our  
fields,  
We boast the proud joys hospitality yields!

In Town, when it rains, the dread season you rue,  
 And feel the worst ill—having nothing to do;  
 Should torrents descend, and your coaches can't  
     meet,  
 No resource can you find—but a peep in the street.

In the Country we meet for society's sake,  
 And we know ev'ry one who our fare shall partake;  
 The heart can select, and the judgment approve,  
 And our test of admittance, is those that we love.

In London, no matter who enters your door,  
 'Tis sufficient your rooms will not hold one soul  
     more;—  
 'Tis sufficient your smiles to each guest should extend,  
 And you welcome a knave, as you welcome a friend.

In the Country, no homage to fashion we pay,  
 Which Nature inverts, and to night turns the day;  
 The vot'ries of health, we've no fees to give,  
 And a doctor alone in the Country can't live.

But in London by physic your health is preserv'd  
 For if you're not sick, you are surely un-nerv'd;  
 Whilst of med'cine, bad hours, and bad air you've  
     your fill,  
 Your doctor at least gets *good* pay for his skill.

In the Country our visits we make in broad day,  
 Secure that our friends will not turn us away;  
 And the peril of driving by night we ne'er know,  
 For as well as good cheer, we've good beds to bestow!



In Town how delightful to visit by scores,  
Those who only will give you access to their  
doors!

Though I ne'er knew the bliss, such it surely must  
be,  
To have an acquaintance with those you ne'er see!

In the Country, a rubber of whist we oft make,  
But we play for amusement, and not for the  
stake;

Our losses can't hurt us, for skill we contend,  
We ne'er lose our good humour, or ruin a friend!

But in London, high play is the charm of your life,  
And to pocket the gold of your neighbour your  
strife;

Then your temper a mixture of acid must know,  
When you risk all you have in the world, on a  
throw!

In the Country we hunt, or we fish, shoot, or ride,  
We have billiards and bowls, and our grounds are  
our pride;

By exercise strengthen'd, our spirits are bold,  
And we laugh at effeminate beaux who fear cold.

In Town, where your mornings begin when near  
dark,

A grand effort you make, when you ride through  
Hyde-Park;

And as for your belles, all the airing they know,  
Is a long string of coaches, stuck fast in a row!

I've oft heard that love, in the Town they deride,  
 That their idol is wealth, and their sole passion,  
     pride;  
 And that London fine beaux will require to their  
     chain,  
 Such a number of links, that they drag it with pain.

For their Opera, Ranelagh, concert, or ball,  
 I care not a straw, since we out-do them all;  
 Can their domes, drest by art, our gay landscapes  
     excel,  
 Can they boast such a songstress, as sweet Philo-  
     mel!

As the Country I love, may I there live, and die,  
 For the Town cannot boast half its charms, in my  
     eye;  
 And in sight of its chimnies, may those be confin'd,  
 Who to each nobler object, their smoke has made  
     blind!

## LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND IN A BLOTTING  
 BOOK, PRESENTED BY HER TO LORD VALENTIA, IN  
 WHICH HERSELF AND SEVERAL OF THE LADIES IN  
 HER FAMILY HAD ALSO WRITTEN VERSES.

Oa, Muse! that lov'st to dwell  
     'Midst laurel bowers!  
 And form with magic spell,  
     Thy wreath of deathless flowers!

Oh, Muse! indulgently on me bestow  
 Numbers that breathe, and thoughts that glow  
 With thy celestial fire.—

For him I strike the lyre,  
 Who lur'd by Science, from his native soil,  
 Where honours court him, and luxurious ease,  
 Encounters dangers—baneful climates—toil—  
 And the uncertain track of untry'd seas!

Go on, illustrious traveller!—pursue  
 In safety, and in health, thy patriot view!  
 Can ought more elevate the human mind,  
 Than thus to prove the lover of mankind?

India to him her grateful homage pays,  
 And Abyssinian shores resound his praise;

And thou enchanting Muse,

\* Do'st not refuse,

But wilt supply

Sweet poesy

To deck with friendship's bands the trump of fame,  
 And give due honour to Valentia's name.

\* In allusion to the preceding poetry written in the book.

## EPILOGUE

TO THE

“ *EFFECTS OF CURIOSITY;*”

A COMEDY, WRITTEN BY MADAME GENLIS, AND ACTED  
AT DUDMASTON BY A PARTY OF LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN.

—

LORD WALCOURT *enters, speaking as Prompter.*

—

WELL, ladies, now my scene of acting's past,  
I hope you'll give me leave *to speak* at last—  
What a strange plot! plann'd with true female art,  
Where but one man appears, and his a *silent* part!  
In vain I urg'd, “ the thing is quite absurd,  
“ Sustain an hero's character without one word!  
“ 'Tis cruel so to *cut me*—faith I'll speak,  
“ And if you'll give no speeches, rant in Greek.”  
“ Lord, Sir! how can you be so very teasing;  
“ You'll *look* the part so well, you're sure of pleas-  
ing.”  
Thus flattery silenc'd, and the part *has* charms,  
Which doom'd me to receive an Helen in my arms.

Yet on the stage, tho' I've not once been heard,  
 Behind the scenes, I've whisper'd every word.  
 As thus (*ad libitum*) and memory supplying,  
 Have tutor'd those, who told you I was dying.  
 'Tis true, my task requir'd uncommon spirit!—  
 To each I vow'd her high pretence to merit;—  
 Bade each unnecessary fears resign;—  
 And conquer'd such amazing diffidence as mine.  
 For well we knew how difficult to fill,  
 Each mimic scene with dignity and skill.  
*Here* beams the eye of elegance and taste;  
 Here dwell the virtues which our Author trac'd!  
 Here with true splendour shines the parent's name!  
 And real worth, unconscious of its fame!  
 Oh! may the choicest gifts which mortals share,  
 With added joys await the honour'd pair!

But now, to find the meaning of the play—  
*Curiosity and its Effects*—What are they, pray?  
 We all renounce the vice, tho' none believe us,  
 But where's the harm? unless *th' Effects*'s mischievous.  
 Nay, frown not—certainly 'tis very clear,  
 That *Curiosity* alone has led you here!  
 The *Effects* of which, by this unerring measure,  
 Are good, if you have heard our play with plea-  
 sure.

## EPILOGUE

TO

FOOTE'S COMEDY OF "TASTE."

PERFORMED BY SOME YOUNG GENTLEMEN, AND SPOKEN  
BY ONE OF THEM.

By mimic character, no longer known,  
Lo! here I come, and re-assume my own;  
Nor do *feign'd* accents now assault the ear,  
But artless *truths*, which tell what passes *here!*  
Your kind acceptance of our humble aim,  
The genuine marks of gratitude might claim;  
Yet more than this, in ev'ry breast you raise,  
And wake to rapture by your liberal praise.

Observe the cautious care with which we chuse  
The sportive satire of the comic Muse!  
For *modern* taste, 'twere dang'rous to arraign,  
Since *all* crect, and consecrate its fane:  
If *modish* buckles, or the *high-crown'd* hat,  
The *puff'd* up handkerchief, or *vast* cravat,  
*Circle* the foot, or nearly *hide* the face,  
*Those* form the beau—*these* give to beauty grace.  
Here no one, I may venture to suppose,  
Sighs for a *Venus*, who has *lost her nose!*

Or that so great for *China* is the rage,  
 No other *passion* can your hearts engage!  
 None chuse with ecstasy a *broken* bust,  
 Or know an *Otho* by its *flavour'd* rust.

To-night you've seen upon this little stage,  
 One striking feature of our Shakspeare's age;  
 His female characters, sustain'd by men,  
 Exhibited *the grace*, of Lady Pen \*,  
 Who, *cas'd in stays*, and pinch'd by *high-heel'd*  
     shoes,  
 Nor body, breath, or limbs, could freely use!

This too *was* taste;—thank Heaven! our polish'd  
     days  
 With chasten'd judgment, nicer skill displays.  
 Custom with slavish rule, no more enchains,  
 And beauty indisputed empire gains.  
 The intellectual ray, which faintly gleams,  
 Fann'd by approving smiles, with splendour beams.  
 The social wish expands the glowing heart,  
 And self-taught actors venture on their part,  
 Secure their ev'ry aim to please, shall know,  
 The honour'd patronage which *you* bestow,

\* Lady Pentweazle, performed by one of the young gentlemen,  
 dressed in women's clothes.

## EPILOGUE

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND,

WHO PERFORMED THE PART OF ROVER, IN

" WILD OATS."

So fleet, and strange has pass'd the mimic scene,  
 That mem'ry scarcely tells me what I've been.  
 A friendless *orphan* in the dawn of life;—  
 Then presto! I've both parents, and a wife!—  
 Stern Poverty's hard grasp, 'twas mine to prove  
 Then to be blest with *fortune*, and with *love*!

Our author begs of you to try his cause;  
 Say, has his drama swerv'd from Nature's laws?  
 Oft has th'embattled plain, distain'd with gore,  
 The helpless infant, from its parent tore,  
 And the kind bosom, which could *feel* and *save*  
 By cruel fate, been level'd with the grave!  
 Pale *want*, might then unpity'd sorrows tell;—  
 Yet should wild genius in that bosom dwell,  
 The glowing thought might mis'ry's power con-  
 trol,  
 And lift above its woes, his daring soul.—



Ah! then to fiction, give not pity's tear,  
 'The child of poverty is always near.  
 Probe the ingenuous mind—effect its cure;  
 Such is our *moral*, the *reward* is sure.

“ Aye,” cries some female critic, taking snuff,  
 “ This sowing of Wild Oats, is well enough;  
 “ But Lady Amaranth, did you suspect her?  
 “ And don't you think her *Rover* will neglect  
 her?”

Oh, monstrous! can I wish to leave those arms,  
 Where *pity—gentleness—and beauty charms?*  
 Do *they* not give the bliss to earth assign'd,  
 And form a chain to fix the *roving* mind?

More natural the question of that beau;—  
 “ Pray how did you in youth, its joys forego?”  
 Because its joys I transiently ran o'er,  
 And found *once tasted*, such were *joys* no more.  
 You, who *in youth*, your *Wild Oats* have not sown,  
 Bear crops of *vice*, which never can be mown.  
 Odious they seem in age's furrow'd brow,  
 Nor e'er can meet the suffrage I claim now.

## LINES

WRITTEN WITH THE RUSH, WHICH WHILST GREEN,  
MAY BE MADE INTO A PEN; AND SENT WITH THE  
PEN INCLOSED, TO A BOTANIC FRIEND WHO WISHED  
FOR A SPECIMEN.

---

 IMPROMPTU.

ABSENT from her he lov'd, a shepherd swain,  
To winds, and echo told his am'rous pain.  
"Oh! to my fair, my sighs," he cried "convey—"  
'The breeze grew faint, and echo died away.—  
"The fond remembrances my bosom knows,  
"Teach me, some sacred power! to disclose."

Sudden the green rush from the earth he drew,  
And pens Love's flow'r \* express'd the purple hue.  
The pliant bark † receiv'd his vows of truth,  
And equal constancy rewards the youth.  
Thus Love, his faithful votaries inspires  
With wilder genius, and sublimer fires!

\* Viola.

† The bark of the birch tree may be written upon.

## LINES

ON READING A MOST EXCELLENT ESSAY ON THE  
APPLICATION OF THE WORD "ROMANTIC."

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YES! I will woo thee to my breast,  
Where thou may'st aye securely dwell!  
I fear thee not, romantic guest,  
So throw around my heart thy spell:  
Were I thy influence to define,  
I'd say thou did'st exalt—refine,  
The soul to love whatever is divine!

The envious little mind I do beshrew,  
Which what it understands not, will deride;  
And with less mercy, on the exalted *few*  
Who\* differ from the *many*, will decide.

Yet as we value most,  
That which is truly rare,  
To differ from the throng should be our boast,  
And to be *singularly good* our care.

\* Madame Genlis makes the following beautiful remark on this subject. "There are to be found a few generous and exalted characters, who are usually called in derision *romantic*. Such persons may sometimes judge erroneously, because they love with fervour whatever is most dignified on earth—the sublime in sentiment and virtue, and expect in reality to find it in others. This superiority of thinking is doubtless extremely rare, but it is not ideal; and happy are they who preserve the noble illusion which excites it, or the hope of discovering it!

Be mine th'illusion, were it nothing more,  
 To cherish the bright hope, unfelt before;  
 Or form expectancies which may deceive,  
 Rather than think I never must believe.

“*Romantic*” let me still appear,  
 No higher title do I seek;  
 'Tis trac'd through Pity's lucid tear,  
 'Tis wrote on Virtue's glowing cheek.

'Tis the bright sun which gilds life's early day,  
 And when we view its last departing ray;  
 What can succeed, but cold suspicious care,  
 Or save the feeling mind from black despair?

## SONNET.

*TRANSLATED FROM PETRARCH.*

AH, vain desires! why lead my soul astray,  
 To follow her, who flies as I pursue?  
 O'er whose cold bosom love can boast no sway,  
 Whom neither tears nor suff'rings can subdue!

Whene'er we meet, she shuns my ardent gaze,  
 Insensible she hears my broken sighs;  
 And if to plead my suit, my tongue essays,  
 The less she listens, or the swifter flies!

In vain for me the laurel crown is spread!  
 Like unripe fruit, which withers if it fall,  
 The sickly branches droop around my head;—  
 For she who could alone their bloom recal,  
 Has blighted ev'ry youthful hope with care,  
 And bids me die—the victim of despair!

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## EPIGRAM.

*TRANSLATED FROM BOILEAU.*

EVER since I have seen you, Clemene,  
 My soul has been tortur'd with care;  
 For I love!—and how great is that pain,  
 Inflicted by doubt, and despair!

You frown!—yet how can it displease,  
 That an object so dear I pursue?  
 But perhaps you mistake—be at ease,  
 For the fair one I love—is not you.

## SONG,

## ON THE TOWN AND THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

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In London I never know what to be at,  
Enraptur'd with this, and enchanted with that;  
I am wild with the sweets of Variety's plan,  
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

But the Country, Lord help me! sets all matters  
right,  
So calm and composing from morning 'till night;  
Oh! it settles the spirits, though nothing is seen,  
But an ass on a common, or goose on a green!

In Town, if it rain, why it bars not our hope,  
The eye has its range, and the fancy its scope;  
Still the same, though it pour all night and all day,  
It spoils not our prospects, it stops not our way.

In the Country how bless'd! when it rains, in the  
fields  
To feast on the transports which shuttle-cock  
yields;  
Or go crawling from window to window to see,  
A hog on a dunghill, or crow on a tree!

In London how easy we visit and meet,  
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are our  
treat;

Our mornings a round of good humour, delight,  
And we rattle in comfort to pleasure at night.

In the Country how charming your visits to make,  
Through ten miles of mud, for formality's sake;  
With the coachman quite drunk, and the moon in  
a fog,  
And no thoughts in your head, but a ditch or a  
bog.

In London, if folks ill together are put,  
A beau may be drop'd, or a quiz may be cut;  
We change without end, and if happy or ill,  
Our wants are at hand, and our wishes at will.

In the Country you're nail'd like a pale in your  
park,  
To some stick of a neighbour, as old as the ark;  
And if you are sick, or in fits tumble down,  
You meet Death, ere the doctor can reach you from  
Town.

'Tis true, if in fishing you take much delight,  
In a boat you may shiver, from morning till  
night;  
But though bless'd with the patience which Job had  
of old,  
The devil of a thing can you catch—but a cold!

Then how often you're screw'd to your chairs fist to  
fist,  
All stupidly yawning, o'er sixpenny whist;  
And although you may lose, 'tis no less true than  
strange,  
You have nothing to pay!—the good folks have no  
change.

I've oft heard that love in a cottage is sweet,  
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy  
meet;  
I know not of that, for alas! I'm a swain,  
Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

Your jays and your magpies may chatter in trees,  
And whisper soft nonsense in groves, if they please;  
But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,  
And for groves! oh! a sweet grove of chimnies for  
me!

Then in Town let me live, and in Town let me die,  
For I own I can't relish the Country, not I.  
If I must have a villa in Summer to dwell,  
Oh! give me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall!



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*ESSAYS.*

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# ESSAY.

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ON THE CULTIVATION OF

## ***THE SUGAR MAPLE,***

THE ACER SACCHARINUM,

IN ENGLAND.

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It is rather extraordinary, when we consider the high degree of estimation in which the Maple was held by the antients, their care in its cultivation, and the adaption of its wood to their most costly furniture, that its abundant sap, so richly impregnated with saccharine juice, should have escaped notice; or if known, that it should not have been employed in domestic economy. It is true, that the *Acer Campestres*, or Common Maple, is the one so highly spoken of by Pliny; but Mr. Millar asserts, that Sugar may be extracted from every species of the Maple; and Dr. Lyster, and Mr. Kay actually obtained it from the *Acer Pseudo Platanus*, or *Sycamore Tree*. The Highlanders of Scotland have long converted the sap of the Sycamore into a pleasant beverage; and in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. IV. p. 817, Dr. Tongue asserts from his own experience, that one bushel of malt, brewed with the sap from this tree, yielded as large a quantity of good ale, as three bushels would have done with common water.

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The extravagant fondness of the Romans for the wood of the Maple almost exceeds credibility; and were it not so circumstantially related by Pliny, we might be tempted to doubt the excess to which it was carried. He describes it thus:—"The Maple  
 " is scarcely inferior to the Citron in the elegance  
 " and fineness of its wood. There are several  
 " species of it most wonderfully beautiful\*, espe-  
 " cially the White, or French Maple, which grows  
 " in Italy, by the side of the Po, beyond the Alps.  
 " One sort, the *Acer Campestre*, has a grain so  
 " curiously knotted and maculated, that from its  
 " resemblance it is called the Peacock's-tail Maple.  
 " The *Bruseum*, or *Knur*, is exquisitely beautiful;  
 " but the *Molluseum* is much more precious. Most  
 " of them are produced by knots in the trees,  
 " which are most intricately curled, and marked  
 " with a variety of forms. Could trees large enough  
 " to be sawed into planks be procured, they would  
 " be infinitely more valuable than the Citron." In  
 fact, imagination converted these lines and knots,  
 occasioned most probably from some puncture or  
 blow the tree had received, into figures of birds,  
 beasts, &c. and in proportion to the number, and  
 correctness of these delineations, arose the value of  
 the wood. Cicero possessed a table which cost him  
 ten thousand sesterces; and one which had be-  
 longed to King Juba, sold for fifteen thousand ses-  
 terces. Mauritanius Ptolemæus was the envied pos-

\* I have been informed by an intelligent friend, an officer who re-  
 sided some years in Canada, that these Maples abound in the Woods  
 there. The name they give to an inconceivably beautiful sort, is the  
 Bird's-Eye Maple; probably the Peacock Maple of the Romans.

essor of one still more valuable. This table measured four feet and a half in diameter, was three inches thick, and sold for its weight in gold! This expensive taste for tables made of the wood of the Maple, presents us with an explanation of a sentence often repeated, without its origin being known; for according to Pliny, when these luxurious Romans used to reproach their wives for extravagance in dress or jewels, they are used to retort, and "*turn the tables upon them.*"

The Maple is of the order and class Polygamia Moneocia, and there are ten species of it.

1st. *Acer Pseudo Platanus*, or Sycamore Tree, a native of Germany, and cultivated in Great Britain chiefly for its handsome appearance in plantations. It is of quick growth, and thrives luxuriantly in most soils. During the months of February and March, the sap rises so abundantly, that if an incision be made in the trunk, it will produce several quarts of sweet juice daily, which, as Dr. Willich informs us, when evaporated and clarified, yields a fine Sugar, in the proportion of one pound from sixteen quarts of the sap.

2nd. The *Acer Campestre*, or Common Maple. This is the species on which Pliny bestows such high encomiums, and in the wood of which the ancients so anxiously sought for the *Bruseum*, which contained the representation of birds and animals. Surely the caprice of modern taste has never equalled the folly the Romans were guilty of, in their excessive fondness for these figures, and the value they set upon them!

3rd. The *Acer Regundo*, or the Virginian Ash-leaved Maple.

4th. The *Acer Phalaenades*, or the Norway Maple.

5th. The *Acer Rubrum*, or the Scarlet Flowering Maple. This tree grows plentifully in Pennsylvania, and delights in a swampy soil. The wood is esteemed excellent for various purposes; and woolen receives a deep blue from the bark, which also makes beautiful black ink. The Canadians have long converted the sap of this tree into Sugar; and Millar particularly mentions that he had observed a sweet juice to flow from it in great abundance, whenever an incision had been made in the bark. The blossoms, which appear early in spring, are of a fine scarlet colour, which alone renders it worthy of a place in shrubberies and plantations.

6th. The *Acer Pensylvacum*, or Mountain Maple.

7th. *Acer Tartaricum*, or Tartarian Maple.

8th. *Acer Monspassulanum*, or Montpellier Maple.

9th. *Acer Creticum*, or the Cretan Maple.

10th. The *Acer Saccharinum*, by far the most valuable of all the species, and denominated in America the *Sugar Maple*, from the rich sweetness of its sap, which is easily converted into Sugar. This tree is a native of North America, where, although it may justly contend with the Sugar Cane for superiority, its virtues remained long undiscovered. It appears that when the Canadians first procured Sugar from the sap, that part of it was usually sent to Rouen, in Normandy, to be refined. Millar gives directions how to raise plants from the *Acer Saccharinum*, which, he says, are very hardy, and require no further care than to

protect them, whilst young, from the depredations of insects, to which the peculiar sweetness of the young shoots no doubt exposes them. The growth and size of the trees must probably determine the time for the extraction of the sap; but there is no reason to believe that they require many years before they begin to produce it; and as their growth continues for *two hundred years*, and they attain the venerable age of *four centuries*, neither the renewal of labour, or expence, will deduct from the profit. The late Dr. Rush, who published a short account of this tree in America, with a view to promote its cultivation, says, that so far from its being injured by being punctured, or as they term it, tapping, the more frequent the incisions have been made, the more abundant and rich is the sap. A tree has been known to flourish well, after *forty-two* years of successive tapplings. He adds, that they usually begin on the south side, and when the sap ceases to flow, perform the same operation on the north side, where it is equally abundant. He is of opinion that cultivation may improve both the quantity and quality of the sap, and gives one fact within his own knowledge. A farmer in the province of Pennsylvania, from some trees of a moderate size, which he had cultivated in a meadow, obtained from *three gallons* of the sap every year, one pound of Sugar, whereas from those trees which grew wild in the woods, four or five gallons of the sap was requisite to produce the same quantity of Sugar. Plants of the Sugar Maple may now be procured from the Nursery Gardens about London. It has been cultivated for some years in the Botanic Garden at Liverpool,

This tree may almost be termed the weed of the soil of North America, for it over-runs that continent from Canada to Virginia, containing no less than fifteen degrees of latitude; in which length the temperature of the seasons, as well as the nature of the soil, must materially differ.

It has been asserted by an American author, that no less than three millions of these trees are annually destroyed in clearing the lands in the State of New York alone, and it is surprising that so valuable an article of commerce should have escaped the observation of the American settlers for so long a time. The Sugar produced in three of the American States only, has for some years past amounted annually to seven millions of pounds. These three States are, Ohio, Kentucky, and Vermont. Those humane advocates for the suppression of the Slave Trade, the Quakers, instituted a society some years ago for the sole purpose of bringing this most excellent, and long neglected production of the earth to perfection; and it is undoubtedly owing to their efforts that we are at the present moment able to appreciate its value.

The infinite labour with which the Sugar Cane is propagated, the barbarous traffic it occasions, and its being liable to receive injury from insects, and unfavourable seasons, all point out the superiority of the Maple, which is procured almost without culture, flourishes for four centuries, and requires no preparatory care before the sap rises. Each tree, without injury to itself, yields upwards of twenty gallons of juice, which, according to later calculations than Dr. Rush's, may produce seven or eight pounds of Sugar. The sap has the additional ad-



vantage of being produced in the months of February and March, when there certainly is a cessation from the more important occupations of rural industry.

Some few years ago, a Mr. Drinkur, of Philadelphia, made sixty barrels of Maple Sugar on his own estate on the Delaware. He published a Treatise on the best manner of manufacturing it; and a Mr. Pennington, who had been an eminent refiner in the West Indies, declared this Sugar to be equal in all respects to that produced from the Sugar Cane.

Several of these facts are to be found in Brissot's Tour through the United States of America; who, before he engaged in the sanguinary politics of France, which finally led to his disgrace and death, had devoted himself to those pursuits which promoted the interest and happiness of his fellow-creatures, and entitled him to the name of a philanthropist. Speaking of the Sugar Maple he thus expresses himself. "Whenever there shall be found from the north to the south an ardent emulation to multiply this *divine tree*, and especially when it shall become a sort of *impiety* to destroy it, not only may America supply herself, but she may also fill the markets of Europe with a Sugar, the low price of which would ruin the trade of the West-India Islands, in a produce washed with the blood and tears of slaves! What an extensive effect would it besides have, were this tree to be naturalized throughout all Europe!"

There can be no doubt of its flourishing well in most soils in England. It might be planted in gardens or orchards, so as not to injure the growth

same way. In America they collect the sap in wooden vessels, and boil it as fast as they can collect it in sufficient quantities until it is reduced by evaporation to the consistence of Sugar. Perhaps a more expeditious, and consequently a better process than this might be found out in this country, and the Sugar might even be refined by the same operation which would separate it.

It may be alleged that by naturalizing this tree in England, we should destroy a branch of commerce with the West-India Islands, which depend upon us for the consumption of their produce, and which in fact, by the heavy duties imposed upon it, affords a prodigious increase of revenue to this country. Let it, however, be remembered, that the period may not be very far distant when these Islands may become appendages to other States, and that it may then be of importance to this nation to possess within itself a produce for which immense sums must otherwise revert into foreign hands. It has been predicted, and nothing seems more likely that whenever America becomes a maritime power, which in process of time may probably be the case, her first conquests will be the Islands so immediately bordering on her own Continent. And should the resolutions of the Americans for the suppression of the Slave Trade continue to be enforced, this country would eventually have to depend upon the produce of the Sugar Maple cultivated in America.

None will think these conjectures improbable or extravagant, who have heard of the deprivations the French have endured for the want of that first

of domestic luxuries, Sugar, or the premiums which their government have offered for the discovery of a succedaneum among any of their own productions. Could Brissot—could any one have believed before the French revolution, that it was possible for them to be cut off so effectually from this article of colonial produce? When Brissot recommended the cultivation of the Sugar Maple in France, he had in view the advantage of his country, with respect to its revenue—not the possibility of its wants; and had his ideas at that period been adopted, and the Sugar Maple then been introduced into France, the trees, which are large enough for the extraction of sap, in less than twenty years, would by this time have afforded them what they have vainly been endeavouring to obtain from the Beet-root (*i. e.* Mangel Wurtzel), their raisins, &c. &c.

Were the experiment to be made in England, it would always be in the power of government to check its progress, or turn it to advantage, as the exigencies of the times required. But it is possible that the sap of the Maple might even be converted to a more valuable purpose than extracting Sugar from it. Why may not a liquid, so richly impregnated with a saccharine substance, form the basis of an excellent wine? On the authority of Dr. Tongue, we see that ale has been prepared from the common *Sycamore* \*, and Dr. Willich informs us in his most excellent work, the Domestic Encyclopæ-

\* A curious fact has been communicated to me by a person on whose information I can rely. Observing the abundance of sap which was produced in the Sycamore Tree, he was tempted, by way of experiment, to ingraft an Apple Scion upon it. The effect exceeded his expectations, for the fruit was not only very large, and of a very fine fla-

dia, that the Highlanders of Scotland make a wholesome and pleasant beverage from it. The sap of the Sugar Maple, with the addition of the juice of the grape, or some other of our fruits, might form a liquor very different, and less exceptionable in point of fermentation, than the wines which have hitherto been made in England. There would be little difficulty in procuring plants of the Sugar Maple from America; ships frequently arrive from thence at Liverpool, in three weeks: a shorter period than plants can be procured from the nurseries about London, in some of the remote counties in England.

If so laudable a motive as the opening a new source of wealth to this country, cannot stimulate those who have sufficient influence to accomplish it; individuals, to whom in fact we generally owe the introduction of our most valuable acquisitions, may be tempted to possess themselves of a domestic luxury, the use of which is at present associated with reflections which are revolting to humanity, and the finer sympathies of our nature\*.

your, but the young tree also grew so rapidly, as to surprise every one who saw it. As there are some Counties in England where the Apple Tree cannot be made to flourish, this circumstance may suggest a very useful and valuable process, for the Sycamore will grow in any soil.

\* The present high price of Sugar, whether occasioned by real scarcity, monopoly, or our disagreement with America, adds another forcible inducement for the culture of the Sugar Maple in England; as it proves that it is possible for us to be deprived of this luxury, unless procured at an enormous expense.

# ESSAY.

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ON THE ANTIQUITY OF

## *STONEHENGE.*

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At a time when science is throwing light over the obscurity of past ages, and the traveller and the antiquary are exploring distant countries to bring forward to our view those monuments, "the records of former times," which the labour and ingenuity of man has raised to perpetuate the grandeur of nations whose very names are nearly forgotten, it is to be regretted that a structure which is found on our own island\*, more curious perhaps in its design, and claiming an equal degree of antiquity, should no longer excite attention, or be thought worthy of investigation. The superstitious history which Geoffry of Monmouth gave of Stonehenge, and the no less fabulous accounts of some succeeding authors, have been no farther improved upon than by conjectures on the derivation of the name. By the antient Britons it was called "Choir Gour," or the Giant's Dance, *a proof that no tradition of its origin remained at that time*, although ascribed by some writers to their Druids; and that the

\* This Essay was prepared for the Press before the Author of it had seen or heard of Sir Richard Colt Hoare's learned Work on the Antiquities of Wiltshire. Had his design been known before the publication of it, this Tract would have been deposited in his hands, as the most secure place for candid investigation and elucidation.

structure was then thought so wonderful, that it could only have been raised by supernatural means. The present name, Stonehenge, is admitted to be of Saxon origin, and signifies a *stone gallows*, which defeats the assertions of those authors who say it was built by Hengist; as the idea evidently arose from the resemblance the transverse stones have to a gallows, and he would unquestionably have given it a name more appropriate to the purpose for which it was built. Here then is another proof that at that period no tradition had been preserved of the use, or age of this extraordinary structure. Had Stonehenge been used as a temple for religious rites, or remained in a perfect state at the time the Romans first visited Britain, some account would have been given of it by their writers; nor would the mechanical skill of the people who could move such prodigious bodies and elevate them so as to fix them where they now rest, have escaped their attention, or commendation. At that time it was probably in its present state, neglected by the inhabitants, and not pointed out by them to the invaders as an object of curiosity or use. Stability in their buildings seems to have been the essential feature in remote ages\*; and we cannot but reflect how many centuries must have elapsed to bring such a structure as this to decay, and how many more to involve it in

\* Denon, in his Description of the Egyptian Edifices, remarks that the most stupendous monuments he saw were all raised by the *antient* Egyptians; and adds—"The vanity of erecting colossal edifices was the first consideration of opulence, before the Arts had arisen to perfection. Their ruins give a striking picture of the *eternity* which they wished to give to their architecture."

oblivion! But in whatever age Stonehenge was erected, the island must have been populous and flourishing, and the natives in some measure acquainted with the arts. A nation must have arisen far above the stages of barbarism, before they could begin to construct monuments for posterity, or understand how to erect buildings which may resist the elements, or defeat the ravages of time. From this rank as a nation, the Britons must have fallen long before the Romans visited the island. Such is the fate of empires! Such the mutable progression from ages of darkness to splendour—from knowledge and refinement, to ignorance and oblivion!

The late Mr. Warltire, who travelled over this kingdom some few years past, and read Lectures on Astronomy and Mechanics, had devoted much of his time and attention to the study of Stonehenge, for he was a man of classical taste as well as universal knowledge. His Lecture upon Stonehenge can never be effaced from the memory of those who heard it. It was original, impressive, and too interesting to be forgotten!

He exhibited two models of Stonehenge; one as the structure now appears, and the other as it stood when it was first erected: and to shew the latter, he had nothing more to do than to raise those stones which have fallen down, and place them in his model as they originally stood. He believed Stonehenge to have been intended not merely as a temple for religious rites, but as a place of grand assemblage for the chiefs of the nation on extraordinary occasions; and that the two outward circles were designed to divide the

multitude according to their different degrees in the order of society; for he found the innermost circle so singularly constructed *for speaking*, that a person who placed himself against one of the stones, (I believe that which was designed for the altar) could be heard distinctly on the *inside* of the circle, whilst not one word could be distinguished by those *who surrounded it*; each pillar, or more properly speaking, stone, being so placed, that the sounds reverberated back, and produced all the effect of a solid building. But the most curious circumstance in this gigantic structure, and which seems to have escaped the notice of all former observers, is, its having been designed also for *astronomical* purposes, and being so constructed that it is a *perpetual calendar* of the motions of the Heavenly bodies. Not a single stone is without its use at this day, and so will ever remain, allowing for the change in the situation of the constellations by the procession of the equinoxes! In the approach to the building, which forms a sort of avenue, there is an immense stone in an inclined position, generally supposed to have sunk into the ground, and to have lost its perpendicular line from accident, or time. This is not the case, for the stone was so placed for the purpose of making *Lunar* observations, and more than one half of it, immense as it is, is sunk into the ground, *to preserve it in its present position*. Mr. Warltire examined the whole of the adjacent country, to ascertain, if possible, the place from whence these ponderous stones were brought, and discovered similar ones at the distance of about fifteen miles. His search was rewarded,



and his conjectures confirmed, by finding a *broken one* in a direct line between the two places, lying in a small rivulet, where it has ever since remained, and probably ever will remain, as no power we now make use of could remove it. This fragment is cut in the proper shape for the place intended for it. The identical stone which was afterwards taken to Stonehenge to supply its place, he readily found out by comparing the measure with the one he saw in the stream.

As we know of no mechanical power equal to that of the lever, may it not be an allowable conjecture that a combined and multiplied use of it, by some contrivance now unknown, aided by a combination of human strength also, were the means employed to raise such enormous masses as are found in the antient Egyptian edifices, and Stonehenge. It is much more probable that some mode in which the lever was employed, should have been lost in the lapse of ages, than that any simple power so wonderful in its operations, should have been forgotten. Perhaps the cause might be ascribed to the increasing value of labour, which might render the expense too enormous to continue the practice of such a style of building. If these suppositions are admitted, what an infinite number of hands must have been employed to remove the immense bodies which are found at Stonehenge!— And how nicely adapted to each other must every movement have been. Imagination can scarcely do justice to such a scene! The surrounding plains must have been covered with people, all busied, and their operations directed to a given point! The

means of collecting such a force, cannot but strike us with surprise, if we reflect that Edward the Third, when he was building Windsor Castle, could not procure a sufficient number of workmen to finish it, and was under the necessity of issuing impress warrants in several distant counties, in order to procure them.

Mr. Warltire said, that *the age* of Stonehenge might be accurately known, by calculating the deviation of the altar from *due east*, to which it had unquestionably pointed, when the pile was erected, as the number of degrees \* it now varied from that point, would give the number of years it had been constructed. He said these were circumstances which induced to the belief that this island had formerly

\* The discovery of the method of calculating the Chronology of Time was left for the comprehensive mind of Sir Isaac Newton: Astronomical observations seem to have conducted him to this sublime study. The Antients had observed some change in the constellations, with respect to the Equinoxes; but they were no less mistaken in their astronomical calculations, than they were in that of their system of Natural Philosophy. Sir Isaac Newton, by determining the figure of the Earth, explained the cause of the revolution of the Equinoxes; and it is now known, that besides its annual and diurnal motion, the Earth has also a third revolution, that of its Poles having a very slow retrograde motion from east to west, whence it happens that their position does not every day exactly correspond with the same point in the Heavens. The entire revolution of the Poles is performed in twenty-five thousand nine hundred years. Now, as every sign of the Zodiac contains thirty degrees, and every degree is equivalent to seventy-two years, the only thing necessary to settle this Chronology is to observe through what star the *colure* of the Equinox passes, and where it intersects, at this time, the Ecliptic in the Spring; and then to discover in any antient Writer, in what point the Ecliptic was intersected in his time by the same *colure* of the Equinoxes. Should the Altar at Stonehenge be found to have deviated forty-five degrees from what is now due east, in that case, according to the foregoing calculation, the structure must have been raised three thousand two hundred and forty years ago.

been colonized from, or had an intercourse with, the Eastern World; as in some of the Indian manuscripts, published by Sir William Jones, in his Asiatic Miscellanies, there were observations on the eclipses of the moon, *which could have been made from no other spot on the earth than Stonehenge.* After these extraordinary, and in appearance, well-founded suggestions, it may not be thought too extravagant an idea to place the erection of Stonehenge to that era when the Egyptians are supposed to have raised the almost indestructible monuments of their glory. The moving and elevating large bodies must have been well understood by them, and it is singular that this principle in mechanics should be lost to them, as well as to us. Denon, speaking of the portico of Hermopolis, exclaims with the energy of those feelings which the sight of it inspired, "That the present race of men might believe it to be the work of a God \*!"

The first account we have of any intercourse between the natives of this island, and any distant nations, is that of the Phœnicians and Tyrians having traded to the coast of Cornwall for tin; but it does not follow that they were the first people who

\* Monsieur A. F. Saint Fond, in his Tour through England to the Island of Staffor, in the Hebrides, remarks that in the antient City of Sterling, where the Scottish Kings resided formerly, he saw singular antique Basso-relievos in stone, fixed in old walls, and that these pieces of sculpture had the appearance of sepulchral monuments, resembling those of Egypt, as they consisted of figures wrapped up in a covering like the swathing of mummies, and that they have an evident resemblance to those in Malta, which are believed to have had an Egyptian origin. The same interesting Author mentions a circle of immense stones which they saw on the road, but which, supposing it to be merely a Druidical Temple, they unfortunately quitted without examination. Farther on, however, at Aehnacregs, they came to a very

discovered it. Their skill in navigation it has been said did not much extend beyond that of coasting, and it is therefore improbable that they should first have traversed the Mediterranean and British seas in search of articles of commerce. The fame of the island, and the mines it contained, must have reached them before they would venture upon such a voyage. The first great maritime power that is known to have existed, were the Malayans. The inhabitants of this peninsula, according to Eastern records, once possessed the sovereignty of the seas: and it is an extraordinary proof how long national characteristics prevail, that to this day the Malaya seamen are preferred to all others in the East. If the having sailed round the Cape be denied them, they might have penetrated into Egypt, and from thence have navigated the Mediterranean and British seas, for the purpose of making discoveries. This is better suited to the genius of such a bold and adventurous people as they are then represented to have been, than to the Tyrians and Phœnicians; and as the Sciences are said to have travelled westward, they might have introduced into those countries which they visited, a knowledge of

large single column, lying flat on the ground, and broken in the middle; on measuring it, they found it to be twenty-two feet long. He says their guide ascribed its erection to Ossian. "Never was there a person," said he, "who could move this vast stone except Ossian, and now that an earthquake has laid it flat, no one in the World can set it up again!" Between Kirdally and Kingshorn he also saw three upright rude pillars, measuring fifteen feet above the ground, and of considerable thickness; he thinks them of the *most remote* antiquity, and urges the Society of Antiquarians in Edinburgh, to engage in an investigation of them. What would such an acute observer have said if he had beheld Stonehenge?

Astronomy and the Arts. Conjectures like these ought not to be ridiculed as absurdities when they are supported by customs and buildings in the East, which bear a strict analogy to those within these kingdoms.

The custom of trying criminals by the ordeal of fire and water, as was practised by our Saxon ancestors, prevails amongst the Malayans to this day. Lord Valentia found at Bhaugalore two round towers, so perfectly resembling those in Ireland, which have so much engaged the attention of the curious as to place it beyond a doubt that they were constructed for the same purpose, whatever that might have been, although there does not exist *in either country* any tradition concerning them: and at Benares he says the Hindoos celebrate the return of the vernal equinox, by an amusement similar to what is termed in England making April fools. Lord Valentia remarks, that as the periods for celebration so nearly coincide, for their festivals are always at the same season, he thinks it points out a remarkable connection between the antient religion of Europe and that of the peninsula. Certainly these curious facts may be admitted in support of the opinion that an intercourse must have existed at some very remote period, between these distant nations:—but stronger than all is Mr. Warltire's assertion with respect to the eclipses.

If so powerful a nation as the antient Malayans, who inhabited a fine country and climate, and were surrounded by rich islands, whose produce they could command by their superior skill in navigation, should have sunk into insignificance, we can-

not wonder that Britain should have fallen into similar obscurity for a time. Whatever we view in the natural world, is in a constant progressive state—first, towards perfection, and next to decay; and thus in the moral world, the torch of Science may have been lighted—extinguished—and re-illuminated!—

To those who are disinclined to admit of *conjecture*, when the page of History is blank, and the obscurity of past ages impenetrable, this imperfect Essay may at least afford cause for *enquiries*, from which *proofs* may be obtained, The Astronomer may satisfy himself and the world with respect to the eclipses mentioned in the Asiatic Researches, as well as that of the structure having been designed to point out the motion of the heavenly bodies, and form a perpetual calendar; and he may, according to the rule given, if he is not too sceptical to allow that the altar must have pointed due east at its erection, calculate the age of this wonderful pile!—The Antiquarian may also search for the broken fragment which lies in the little rivulet, and ascertain the truth of the other observations.

Stonehenge ought certainly to excite our strongest interest. It is the only national monument of remote antiquity of which we can boast;—the only feature by which we can judge of the skill, population, and political importance of our ancestors. If we can trace its origin to such a distant period as the preceding account is intended to establish, Britain must have held a high rank formerly in the scale of nations; and have only arisen from obscurity to renewed splendour.

# ESSAY.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF

## *AN ANTIENT CAVERN,*

LATELY DISCOVERED AT BURCOTT, NEAR BRIDGNORTH,  
AND SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN A TEMPLE CONSE-  
CRATED TO THE PURPOSE OF OFFERING HUMAN  
SACRIFICES TO THE DEITY.

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ADJOINING to the spot where this Cavern has recently been discovered, is a common, called Soudley, on which some vestiges of encampments, or very antient buildings are to be traced. Mr. Hardwick of Burcott, having employed some workmen to remove soil from the side of a hill, they came to a cavern of some extent, which has, however, more the appearance of a natural cavity in the rock, than to have been formed by art. The rock is composed of red-sand stone, with strata of white marl running across it. Here they found several human skeletons, as well as those of various other animals. The human bones were scattered about, and those which lay on a stratum of the white marl, were in perfect preservation, especially the teeth, which had not lost their enamel. It is a most extraordinary fact, that in each of the human heads, the lower jaw-bones were wanting; and from the upper jaw some of the front teeth had invariably been removed. That the latter circumstance had not been occasioned by accident, or decay, was sufficiently

evident, as one of the subjects was young, the hindermost teeth, or as they are commonly called, the wise teeth, having but just began to appear. One skull was found forced into a crevice of the rock. It lay on the marly stratum, and was filled with marl and the shells of snails. The teeth were in the highest degree of preservation, with the exception of two of them having been taken from the front, as had been observed in the other skulls.—The lower jaw-bone was also wanting. An hearth, on which fire had been burned, was very visible, and on it were found two flints, and some pieces of charcoal made from the wood of the oak. The bones of the animals were those of the deer, a pig, a sheep, and two dogs.

That the opening to this Cavern has been filled up with soil, either by accident, or for the purposes of concealment, is evident; and that it could not have been a human habitation is equally apparent. Had it been such, and the entrance suddenly closed by the falling in of part of it, there would have been some appearance of broken culinary utensils, or furniture, none of which were discovered. The skeletons also would have been found entire, the bones have lain regularly, and no part of them, such as the teeth and under jaw-bones have been missing.

Although the accounts we have of the manner of offering up human sacrifices in the ages of superstition are very obscure, yet some authors have related, that the unfortunate objects so immolated, were frequently deprived of part of their limbs; and that it was customary to sacrifice different ani-



imals at the same time. No such sacrifices, however, have taken place in this island for near twenty centuries past.

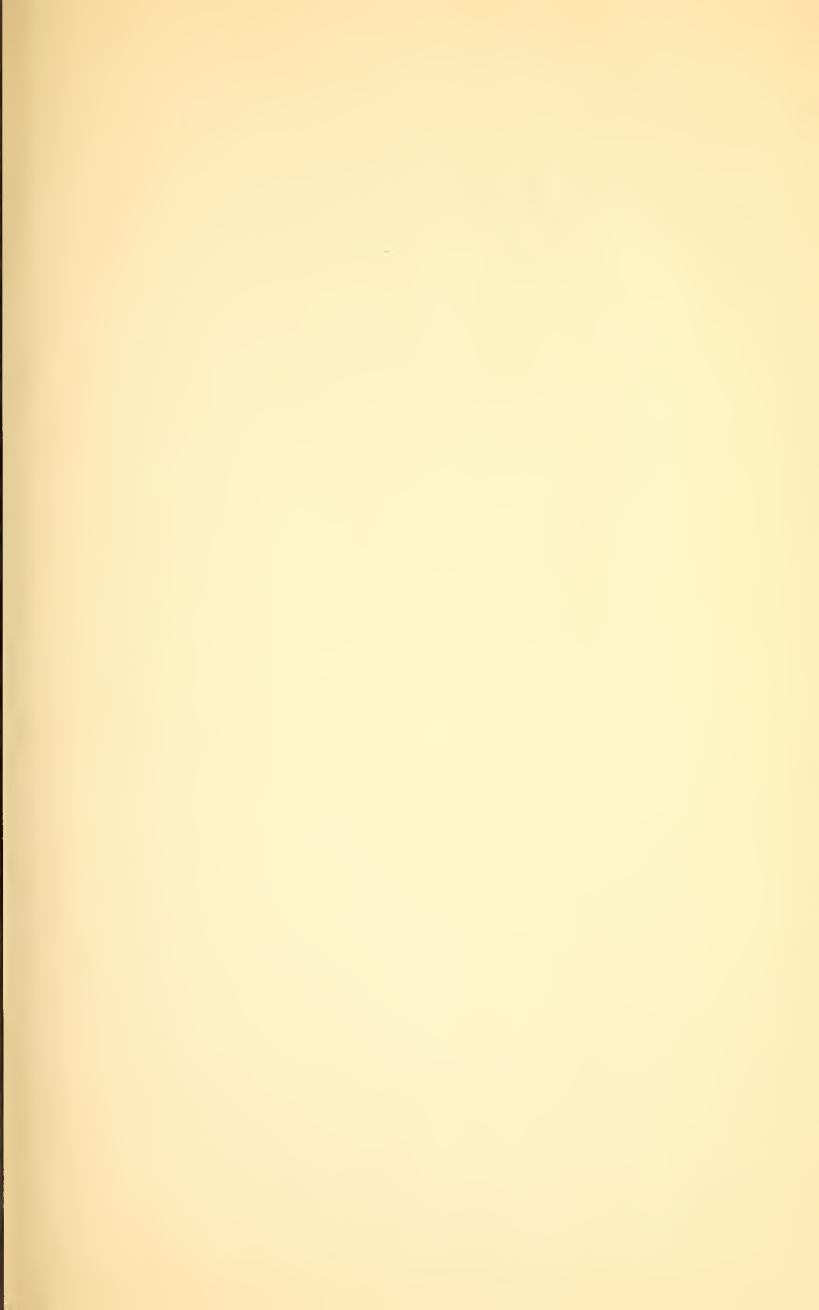
The Druids, we are told, always chose retired places for their mysterious and barbarous ceremonies; but a Cavern like this, could not have been a temple of regular resort. As vestiges of an encampment are visible near to it, it is more probable that it was used as a temporary altar, and that the skeletons found were those of victims offered up for the success of a depending battle, or as a mark of horrible exultation over a fallen enemy! And probably when it was no longer used, the cavity might have been closed up to conceal the rites which had been performed.

It is known that near to this spot some memorable battles have been fought. A fordable pass across the Worfe, not far distant, retains the name of Hallon's Ford to this day, in remembrance of a British prince of that name who is said to have fallen there. About twenty years ago some men were employed to drain a meadow on the banks of the Worfe, who found about eight feet below the surface of the earth, a thong of the skin of some animal, on which there were hung small round pieces of gold, with suns, moons, battle axes, and chariot wheels, rudely delineated upon them. The man took it to Mr. Bromwich, at that time vicar of Worfield, who, not being an Antiquarian, after having examined it, gave back this curious record of former ages to the workmen. His parochial duties calling him soon afterwards to Lichfield, he mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Green, the ce-

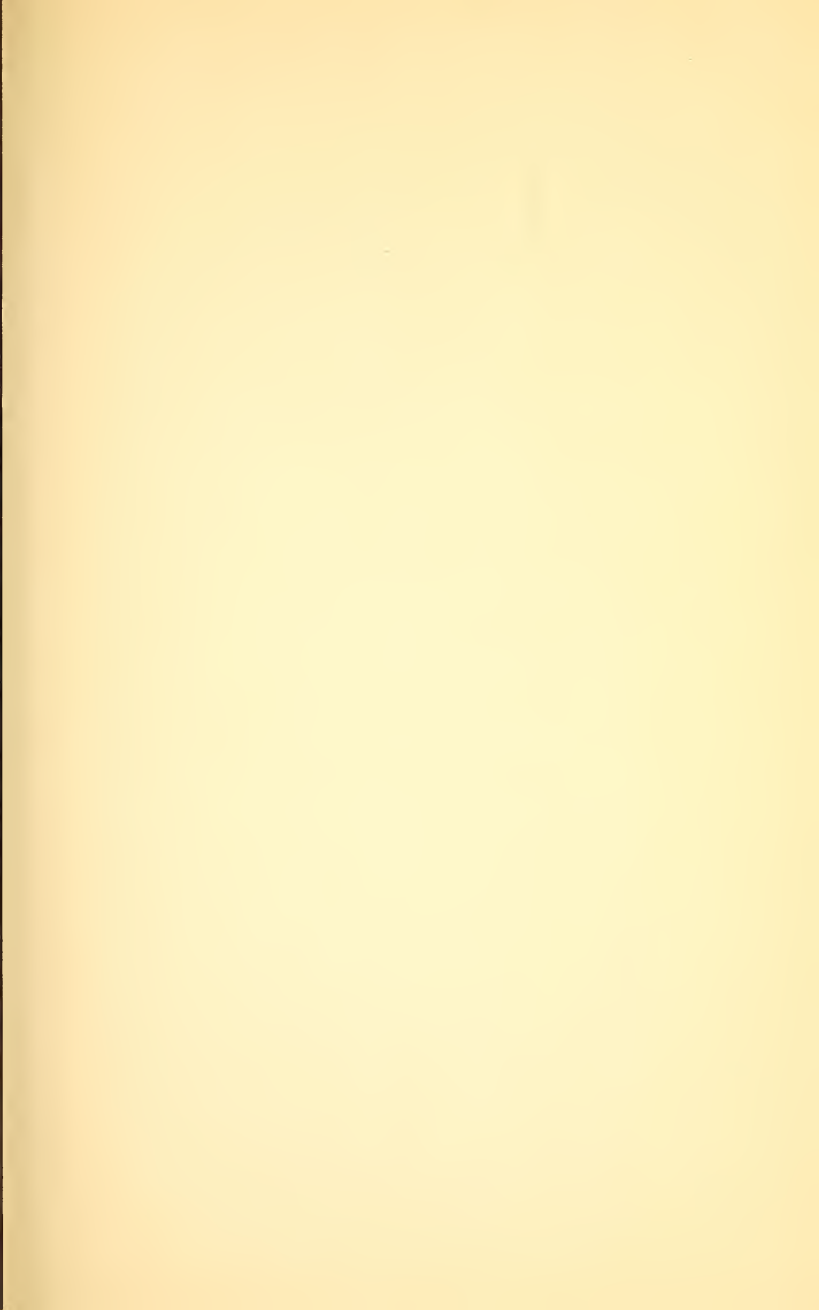
lebrated collector of antiquities, and learnt to his great chagrin that it was a *belt of memory*, which would have been invaluable in the entire state in which he described it. These belts, or girdles, were worn by persons of distinction previous to the knowledge of printing or writing, to preserve the remembrance of remarkable events; the figure of the sun having been designed to denote the year, the moon that of the months; and the intervening signs of battle-axes, wheels, &c. pointed out the occurrences which had taken place between those periods. As Prince Hallon was the chief person who fell in this battle, it is probable that it belonged to him. Dr. Green besought Mr. Bromwich to spare neither trouble nor expence in recovering the whole, or any part of so precious a relic of antiquity, and in this search the writer of this Essay assisted him; but all enquiries were fruitless. The workmen judging of the value of it from the little attention paid to it by Mr. Bromwich, had given these small ornaments to the children of the cottagers where they lodged, as play-things, and not one of them could be found.

The bones, and other curiosities found in the Cavern at Burcott, are carefully preserved by Mr. Hardwick for the inspection of the curious.

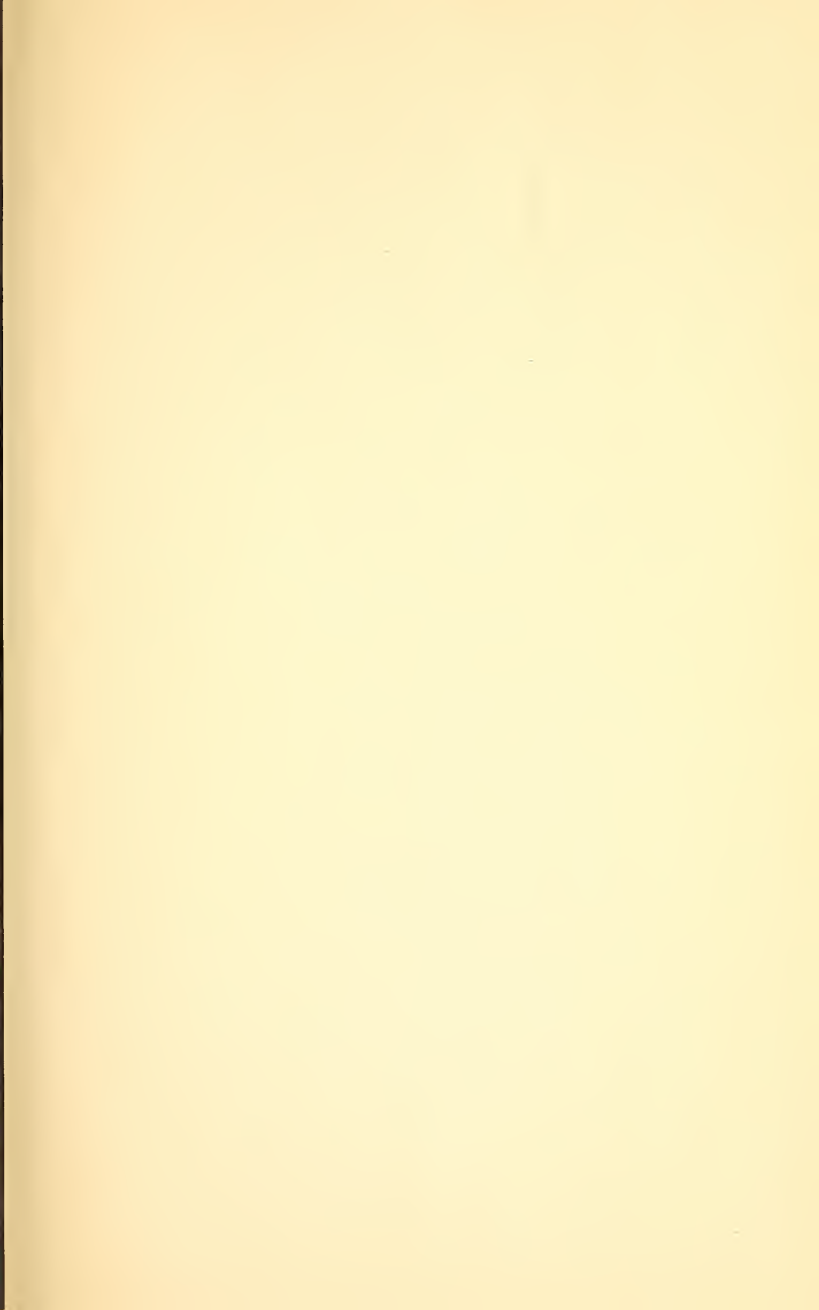
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